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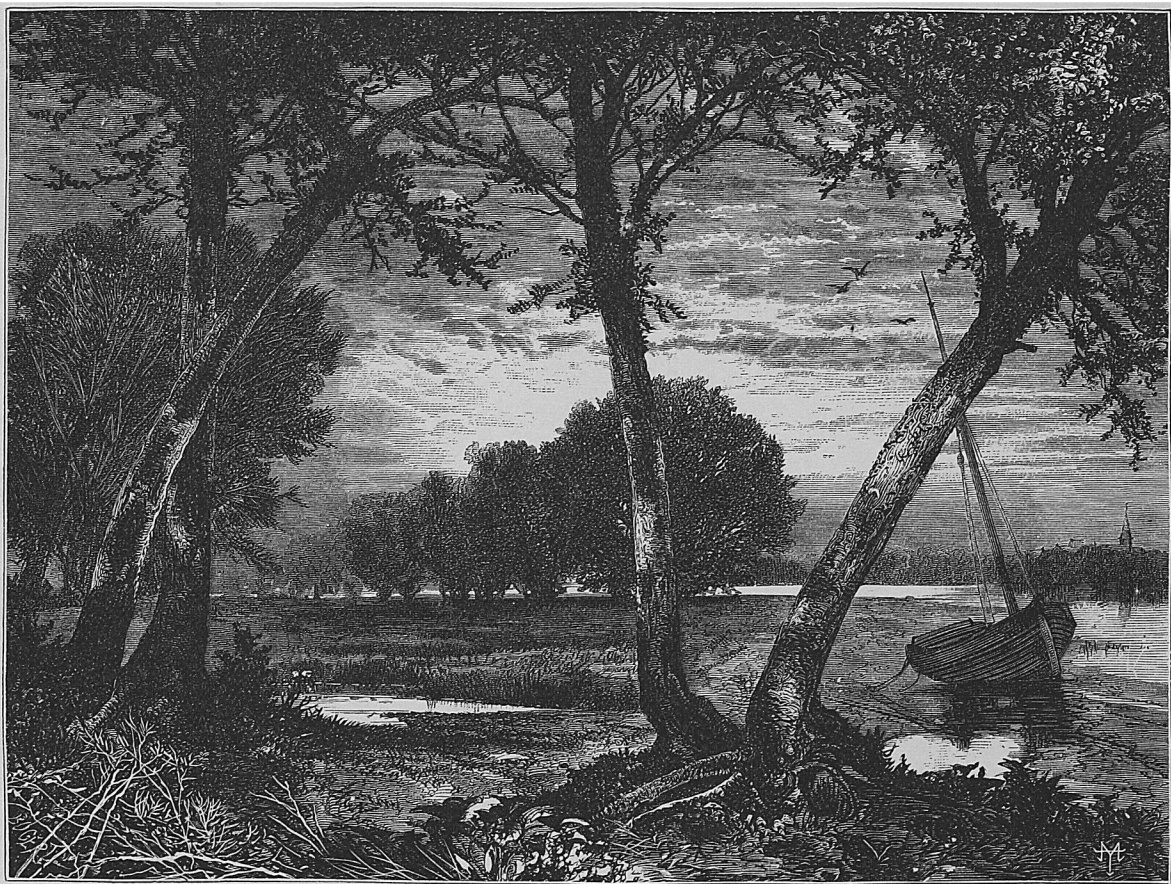
known that it is in the nature of an axiom; but, were demonstration needed, it could be found in such scenes as the one Mr. Davis has so cleverly and so successfully depicted. No more perfect illustration of the passion for dress could be imagined than the costumes of the city damsels who have undertaken to make a country excursion, clad in the same garments in which they would have disported themselves on Broadway. Nor is the male attendant of our fair friends very much behind them in devotion to preconceived or city-conceived notions of dress, for it is evident that the whole group—except the guide, who brings up the rear with the oars, and who evidently regards the whole proceeding with ill-disguised contempt—have come out from the city to “do” a little wilderness, it may be in the Adirondacks, or it may be in the Catskills, but who have forgotten that they must leave paved streets, and that they will not be likely to find the well-kept paths and carefully trimmed lawns and hedges of the city parks out in the domain of nature. Charming the group certainly is, at least so far as concerns its feminine members, and pleasant to look upon wherever seen, but woefully out of place in its present situation.

There are two sorts of women—and of men as well—who go from the city to the country in the summer time, and they are those who go to see and those who go to be seen. Of these by far the more numerous are the last mentioned, among whom we must class our friends in the picture. Those of the former class might, and probably would make less display, and give an artist less chance for a delightful picture; but they would see more of the country and have more real enjoyment in their visit. As we have said, they want to see and also to enjoy something of out-of-door-life; and, therefore, they go prepared for what they are likely to meet. Frills and furbelows, fancy hats and veils, feathers and laces and kid gaiters are left behind by the ladies, and costumes are donned which admit of climbing mountain paths, pushing through tangled thickets; or even, if need be, wading an occasional brook without serious damage. Gentlemen, too, on such an expedition, if they belong to the sensible class, leave behind the fancy shooting jackets and knowing hats, which are, doubtless, so well adapted to make them a reputation on the *pavé*, and dress more nearly in the style of those whose whole life is spent out of doors.

What we have said, only partially tells in words what Mr. Davis has told more effectually with his pencil; and it seems almost a work of supererogation to talk about the picture at all; and yet there are points of excellence about it which deserve much more than a passing mention. In the first place, the humor is perfect; and, although we are aware that distinguished critics have advanced the theory that the “literary” element should be entirely expunged from pictures; that, in other words, it is not necessary or desirable that a picture should tell a story; we have not yet subscribed to that doctrine, nor do we feel prepared to assent to a dogma which would, if logically carried out, deprive us of just such pictures as the one under consideration. We might, to be sure, eliminate from this production all the literary element; we could, for instance, do away with the group

of girls, or consider them only as lay figures; we might consent to the absence of the snake which has startled them, as its predecessor did not apparently startle Eve; even the poodle, with absurdly gay ribbon about its neck, sneaking off with drooping tail—all these might be dispensed with and still leave us a picture worth studying and worth preserving, but it would not be the picture which Mr. Davis has drawn. We should still have, it is true, the forest background; the white, smooth-barked birch, and all the other trees whose trunks and branches help to overshadow the narrow pathway; we could still admire every detail of limb and of foliage, but the whole soul of the work would be gone—it would be a woodland scene, and nothing more. As it is, the artist has contrived to give us an idea in every line. Not one of all the features we have mentioned is superfluous or unnecessary. Without the harmless snake the startled position of the group of girls would not be explainable; and the absence of the ridiculous poodle would take away from the picture the very point of its most delicate satire. Equally necessary, too, to the perfect carrying out of the idea, are the self-satisfied beau, with his dandy airs, swinging eyeglass and ostentatious fishing rod, and the cynical old guide, to whom the whole affair is evi-

dently only a repetition of the tale very often told during each summer season. Nor, in speaking of the guide, must we fail, also, to notice one of the best touches of execution to be found in the engraving. We allude to the delicate manner in which the blades of the oars he carries on his shoulder are shown through the foliage though not too prominently dragged into the picture. This important element of transparency is to be seen in all the *technique* of the engraving. In the texture of the



EVENING ON THE DELAWARE.—THOMAS MORAN.

costumes of both sexes; in the complexions, from the sunny-faced girl in the front to the bronzed denizen of the forest in the rear, all are clear and all are real. There is no “muddiness” nor any obscurity in the whole work.

ART EDUCATION.

If there is any idea to which THE ALDINE is more committed, and in which it is more interested than in any other, it is certainly that of art education; by which much-worn phrase we mean the education of the mass of the people in the principles of art, and the rules which ought to govern one in judging of the comparative value and excellence of specimens of either sculpture, painting or engravings—it being, of course, conceded that we may speak of engravings as works of art. Precisely what methods are the best to take for carrying out this idea may not be, however, a matter of the easiest possible solution. The word education, of itself, means so much, and the education of a people in art matters means so much more, that we not unnaturally find it impossible to summarize the subject in a sentence, or even in a single article. That everybody should know something of art—that every man, woman and child should be capable of telling a good picture from a bad one, and as incapable of liking the one as of disliking the other, are axioms utterly impossible of demon-

stration. How this knowledge is to be conveyed to everybody is not, as we have said, quite so easy a question to answer. In nearly all European countries it is, and has been for centuries, done by the state—the artist as well as the author being looked upon as a creator or inventor of something for the public good, and, therefore, to be treated more as a public servant than as a private citizen. It was this feeling which gave us the masterpieces of early art; which made the Renaissance possible, and which, to-day, gives us better art works than the world has ever before seen. Of course all governments were not alike, nor did all follow the same methods in their dealings with artists and authors; but the same idea is to be found running through and informing them all. For instance, neither in Florence—the home of the Renaissance, one might say—nor in Venice was there anything in the shape of an autocracy when Cimabue and Giotto, Michael Angelo and Raphael, Da Vinci, and all the long list of “old masters” existed; but it was, after all, the state which, in each case, sustained and supported them. Florence had her reigning ducal family, and Venice her Council of Ten and her Doges; but, in both cities, the decision, in regard to matters of art and literature, was practically left to the people, whose behests were generally obeyed. Thus, for instance, it was the people of Florence who elected Ghiberti to cast the bronze doors of the Baptistery, of which they are now so proud—engravings of which have been published in THE ALDINE—and of which plaster models were exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition. Notwithstanding, however, the fact that much of the honor given to art in Europe has been the result of popular feeling, it was the state, and not private benevolence, which really sustained artists and art students, and has sustained them ever since. There is, to-day, hardly a country in Europe which has not an art academy, or one or more art schools, more or less under the care and supervision of the government; and where they are most completely under government supervision and of national importance, there they are most appreciated and most regarded. For instance, a man exhibits a picture or a statue at the Paris Salon; he may hope for a medal—no matter whether he be foreigner or not—or, even, after a proper time, for a decoration. Yet, since the “Academie des Beaux Arts” was established, France has changed government several times and is now republican. This fostering of art and of artists by the state is, of course, only possible under a “paternal” form of government, which is exactly the reverse of what ours is supposed to be. It being the theory of our government that what is not positively of importance to the body politic must be done by private enterprise, it follows that art galleries and art schools can be established and sustained only by popular subscription and private munificence. Such galleries and such schools we have; but no one of them—not excepting the National Academy—carries with its award of membership, or of proficiency, such weight as to confer an undoubted national reputation. All Americans do not come to New York to see the pictures annually exhibited in the Academy; and, if they did, they might not agree with the decision of the committee; nor is the diploma of every art school considered *prima facie* evidence of proficiency in art. It is evident, therefore, that art education in America must be matter of private enterprise; and while, as we have said, the best method may not have been yet ascertained, we can see nothing better at present than the constant production for the public of first-class engravings from the best pictures.

THE OLD MAN OF HOY.

MR. READ is no stranger to the readers of the ALDINE, in whose pages have been published more than one of his spirited and excellent pictures. He is an English artist, and has been known for a number of years chiefly as a draughtsman of superior abilities, never having sought for or obtained any prominent position as a painter in oils. As a draughtsman he shows a true appreciation of and a nice feeling for the picturesque in landscape, and also for architectural details, especially of the more elaborate and more delicate styles. Among specimens of his work, recently given by us, our readers will recall a delightfully mellow and poetical picture of an English country church, lighted up for evening service, to which the title of “Evensong” was given. We recall none of Mr. Read’s drawings which more clearly shows the tender

poetry which pervades his nature, and so often makes itself manifest in his works, than does this. As an example of his accuracy in reproducing delicate architectural views we may refer to an interior scene in Westminster Abbey, also given not very long ago. We prefer him, however, in landscape, whether it be of the portraiture sort or composition. In these he has the opportunity for a display of feeling which a mere copying of mouldings and traceries, arches and groins can never give; and he seems to have just the nature to avail himself to the full of his opportunities. Faithful to his subject he yet knows how to make every tree and bush tell its part of a story without in any degree losing its identity. As might naturally be expected, he has devoted himself very largely to the illustration of some of the more remarkable scenes of the British Isles, and always with success both in the choice of subjects and in the character of his work.

The picture we give in the present number, from his pencil, is a case in point. The group of islands known as the Orkneys lies to the north of the extreme northern point of Scotland, of which they seem to form a continuation, and from which they are separated by the Pentland Firth. There are, at low water, seventy-three of these islands, of which twenty-eight, besides the one known as Pomona, or the mainland, are inhabited, and with the Shetland islands form one county. The area of the Orkneys is about 610 square miles, and the surface is very irregular, the land being deeply indented with numerous arms of the sea. The temperature is mild, owing to the close proximity of the sea, particularly of the Gulf Stream. Down to within comparatively few years the agriculture of the islands was of the most primitive sort to be found in Europe, and the attention of the inhabitants was chiefly directed to the manufacture of kelp from seaweed. Even the spinning-wheel is said not to have found its way to the Orkneys until half a century after everybody else had it. Within a few years, however, matters have much improved, so that the islands begin to be of some commercial and agricultural importance. Their history is very much that of all the smaller islands lying to the north and west of England and Scotland. They were known to the ancients as the Orcades, were inhabited by Celts, were conquered by the Scandinavians, and in 1098 were attached to the Norwegian crown. In 1468 they were conveyed to James III., of Scotland, as security for the dowry of his wife, Margaret of Denmark, and they have been Scottish ever since—for in 1590, when James VI. of Scotland, and afterward James I. of England, married the princess Anne of Denmark, the latter power formally ceded these islands to Scotland.

Undoubtedly the most picturesque of the islands is Hoy, which, alone of all the group, rises from the water in abrupt cliffs of nearly or quite 1,000 feet in height. It is separated from Pomona by a narrow passage of about two miles in width, and is about fourteen miles long by six broad, containing a population of about 1,400 souls. The highest hill in the group is in this island, and is known as the Ward of Hoy—it is 1,555 feet high. Another curiosity shown to tourists, is known as the Dwarfie Stone, which is twenty-two feet long by seventeen wide and seven high, having in one end a large chamber, evidently carved with tools of iron, but by whom or for what purpose is not known. What is called the “Old Man of Hoy,” is a column of granite rock on the south-west part of the island, rising to the height of 300 feet above the water. It is this wild and picturesque feature which Mr. Read has chosen for illustration, and we think our readers will agree that he has chosen with the eye of a true artist. Of the details of the picture it is not necessary to speak, as they speak with sufficient distinctness for themselves.

THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

THERE is much in Mr. Schloesser’s picture which reminds one of more than one story and poem, and especially of some of the ballads of our American poet of homely life, Mr. William M. Carleton. Indeed, were it not for the fact that Mr. Schloesser is a German artist, and has given us a German instead of an American scene, we might almost be tempted to believe that the picture was intended to illustrate some of Carleton’s poetry. And still, it must be confessed, that we can recall no one incident in any of the young American’s ballads which would give rise to exactly such a picture. It is only that there is a suggestion about